



image

62
JUN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capilla
47

McFARLANE
C.W.

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

RETURN

Dedicated to
Clint Goldman



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Spawn N°61 Summary

After Cyan is returned safely to her parents, Al has a long talk with Granny Blake and as usual, her words of wisdom calm him while creating inner confusion. When he gets back to the alley, the alley bums have rebuilt his throne which seems to hypnotize him as he settles into it. The Clown appears in Spawn's trance and reveals startling facts about his past and future. Meanwhile, Jason Wynn confirms that Cygor's remains are safe at a testing facility and orders the disappearance of Terry Fitzgerald.

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TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
www.spawn.com

THE MAN'S GURGLING ON HIS OWN BLOOD. HIS SCREAMS ARE BARELY AUDIBLE.

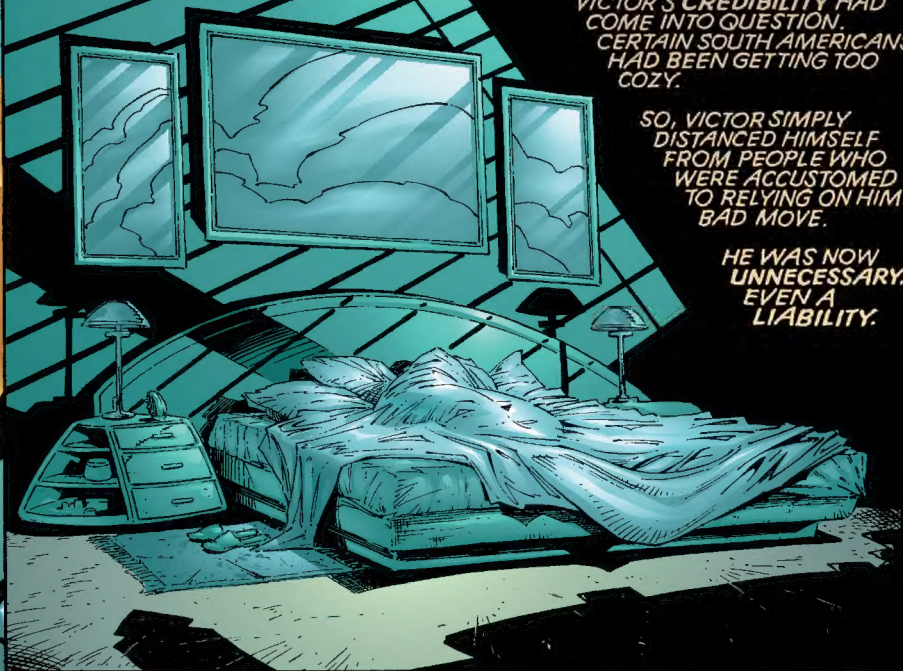


THERE WAS NO DENYING HIS VALUE AS AN EXPERT ON RUSSIAN POLITICAL AND CONSUMER PREFERENCES. AS A WELL-PLACED INSIDER BEHIND THE OLD IRON CURTAIN, HE HAD NETWORKS CONNECTING HIM TO ALL AREAS OF INTEREST.

THE C.I.A. WAS ONE OF MANY CLIENTS. RECENTLY, THOUGH, VICTOR'S CREDIBILITY HAD COME INTO QUESTION. CERTAIN SOUTH AMERICANS HAD BEEN GETTING TOO COZY.

SO, VICTOR SIMPLY DISTANCED HIMSELF FROM PEOPLE WHO WERE ACCUSTOMED TO RELYING ON HIM. BAD MOVE.

HE WAS NOW UNNECESSARY... EVEN A LIABILITY.



HIS BODY WILL NEVER BE FOUND.

HE WILL BE EXPLAINED AWAY AS A DEEP-COVER MOLE WHO FEARED DETECTION AND WAS SPIRITED HOME.



CRUSHED NOW AGAINST CHAIN LINK FENCE, HE'S GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF ESCAPE. AS HIS TWO BURLY ASSAILANTS LOOM, VICTOR KOŠLOV PRAYS SILENTLY IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE.

IN YEARS PAST, WHILE WORKING IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS' U.S. MISSION, VICTOR REPORTED DIRECTLY TO THE KREMLIN. THEN, SEDUCED BY CAPITALISM, HE DEFECTED.



SUCH IS THE FATE OF THOSE WHO CROSS THIS MAN: JASON WYNN, HEAD OF AMERICA'S OFFICIALLY NON-EXISTANT, MOST POWERFUL INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE BUREAU: THE UNITED STATES SECURITY GROUP.





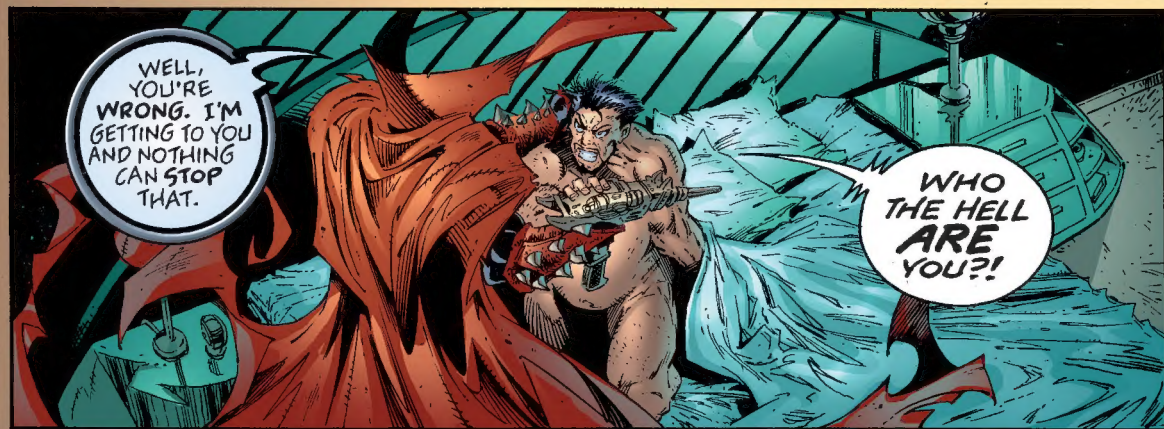
TIME
TO RISE
AND SHINE,
JASON.

OPEN
THOSE EYES
UP, NICE AND
WIDE.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
TOUGH GUY, SURELY
IT CAN'T BE THAT
YOU'RE AFRAID, NOT
YOU. I THOUGHT YOU
WERE BEYOND
THAT.




NOTHING
GETS TO YOU.
THAT'S WHAT YOU
KEPT TELLING US.
YOU'RE ALWAYS
IN CONTROL.




WELL,
YOU'RE
WRONG. I'M
GETTING TO YOU
AND NOTHING
CAN STOP
THAT.

WHO
THE HELL
ARE
YOU?!



WHAT'S THE **MATTER**, JASON? DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN HANDI-WORK?

OR ARE YOUR HANDS SO CLEAN YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THE RESULTS OF YOUR KILL ORDERS? THAT'S WHY YOU NEEDED **US**-- YOUR ELITE ASSASSINS. WE PROVIDED THE BUFFER OF DENIABILITY YOU NEEDED AS YOU PLAYED YOUR SECRET WAR GAMES.



YOU WANT TO KNOW THE STRANGE THING? FOR THE MOST PART, I DIDN'T EVEN MIND.

BUT THEN YOU HAD TO GET GREEDY. NEEDED TO HAVE POWER OVER EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE.

THOSE OF US THAT GOT IN YOUR WAY JUST BECAME EXPENDABLE. ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

ISN'T THAT RIGHT?!



WHAT DO YOU CARE ABOUT THE PAIN YOU CAUSED THEIR FAMILIES.



SO **THAT'S** IT?! YOU'RE SOME KIND OF TRAITOR. SEEKING REVENGE. hm? HOW PATHETIC.

THE MEN I TRAINED WOULD RATHER **DIE** THAN COMMIT TREASON.

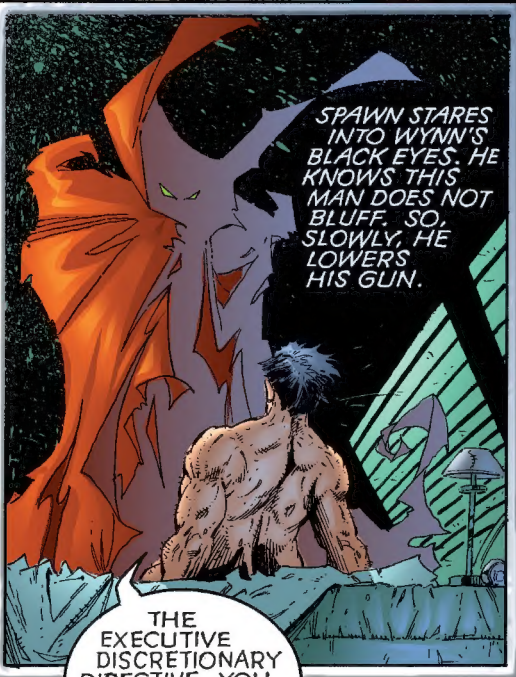


NOT
IF YOU
KILL
THEM
FIRST!

THEN THEY
CAN'T COME BACK
TO HAUNT YOU. WELL,
GUESS WHAT? YOU
MISCALCULATED.
I'M BACK. AND
THOUGH I'VE LOST
EVERYTHING, I STILL
KNOW WHAT'S IMPORTANT...
REVENGE!
THAT OPINION IS
ALL YOU LEFT
ME WITH.


SEE
YOU IN
HELL,
JASON.

THEN
FITZGERALD
AND HIS WIFE
DIE TOO.



SPAWN STARES
INTO WYNN'S
BLACK EYES. HE
KNOWS THIS
MAN DOES NOT
BLUFF. SO,
SLOWLY, HE
LOWERS
HIS GUN.

THE
EXECUTIVE
DISCRETIONARY
DIRECTIVE. YOU
REMEMBER
WHAT THAT
MEANS?



...THAT NO
MATTER HOW I
DIE, ORDERS ARE
PUT INTO EFFECT
"PROTECTING"
THE AGENCY
FROM THOSE I
HAVE DEEMED
**DANGER-
OUS.**

THAT
WOULD
INCLUDE YOU.
BUT SINCE I
DON'T KNOW YOUR
IDENTITY, I HAD TO
FIND **OTHER NAMES**
FOR MY ENEMIES LIST.

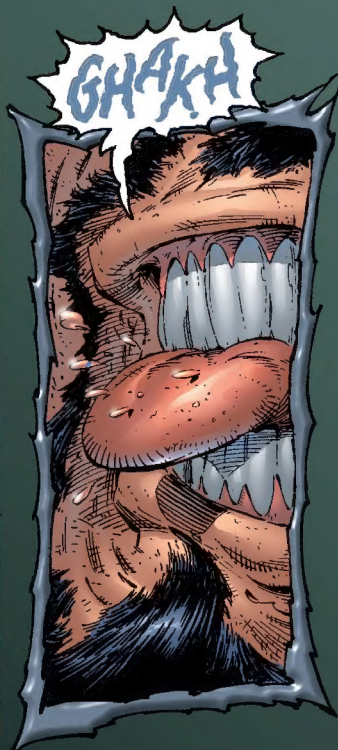


YOUR FONDNESS FOR TERRY AND HIS FAMILY IS QUITE OBVIOUS. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE NOW INCLUDED IN THE DIRECTIVE.

ALONG WITH THEIR DAUGHTER.

THE WHOLE FAMILY BECOMES A SMEAR ON THE WALL IF YOU INSIST ON INDULGING YOUR REVENGE.

IF I DIE, THEY DIE. YOUR CHOICE.

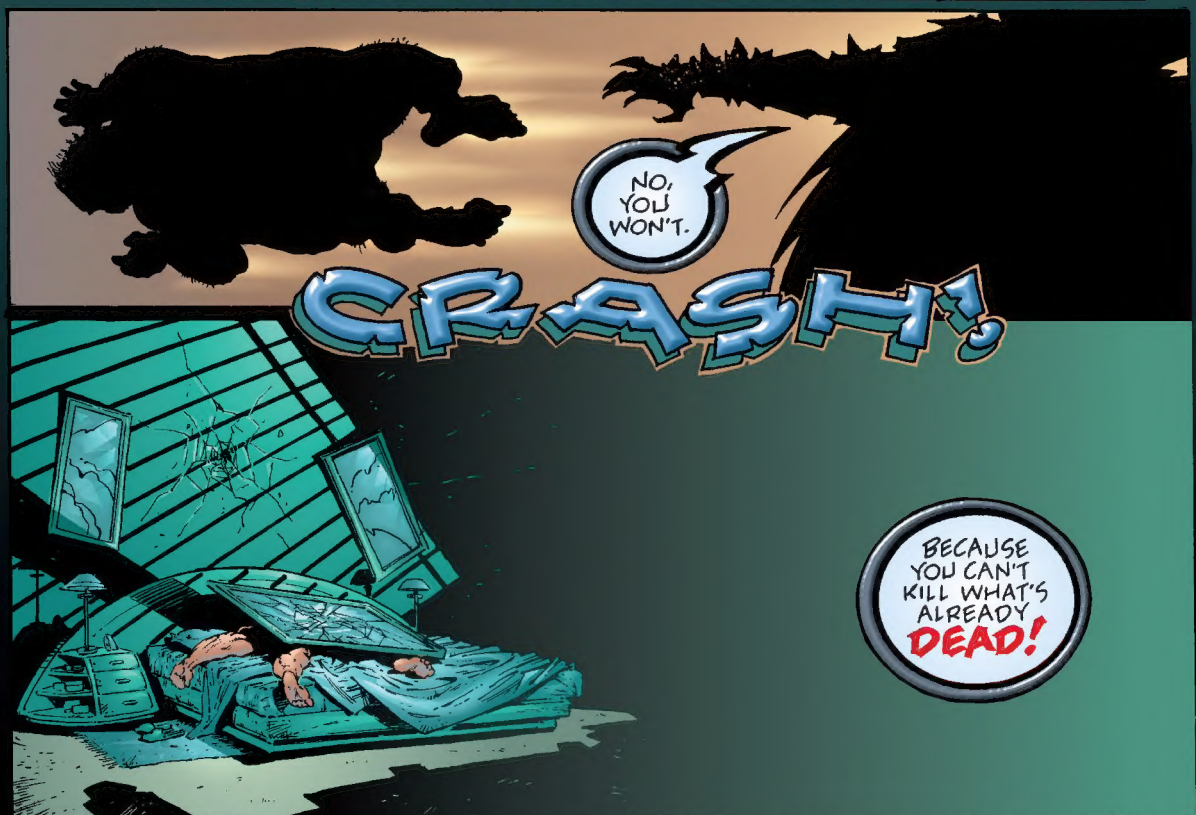


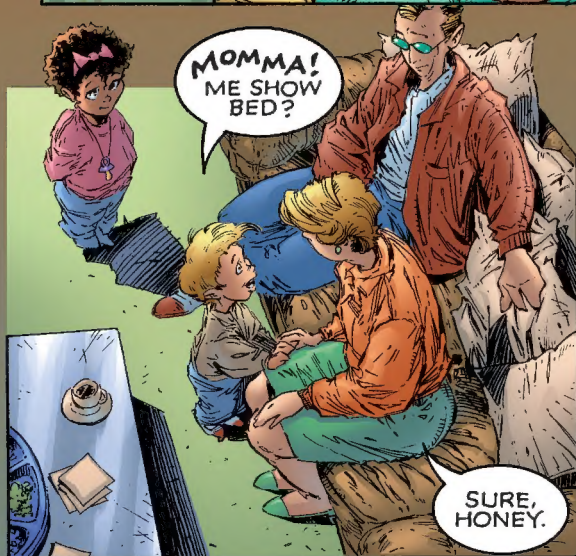
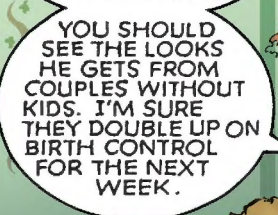
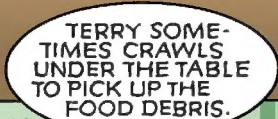
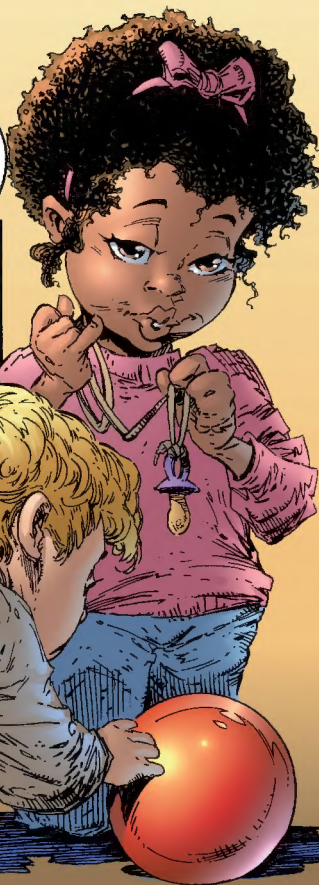
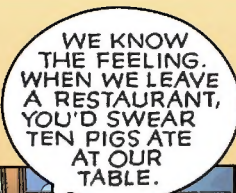
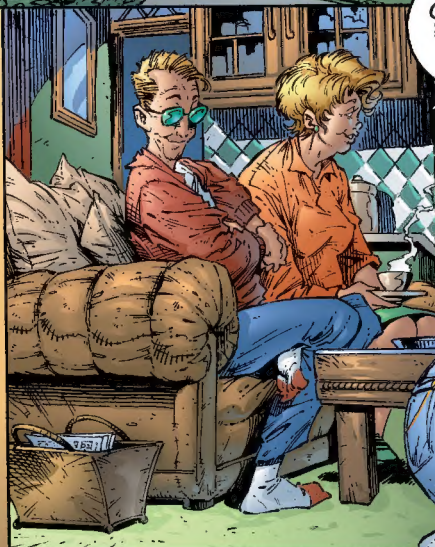
NEARLY TWO MINUTES PASS AS WYNN STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

YOU THINK YOU'VE WON?! THEN LISTEN CLOSE.

YOU STAY AWAY FROM THAT FAMILY. YOU SO MUCH AS SNEEZE IN THEIR DIRECTION AND I'LL GUT YOU WITHIN THE HOUR. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

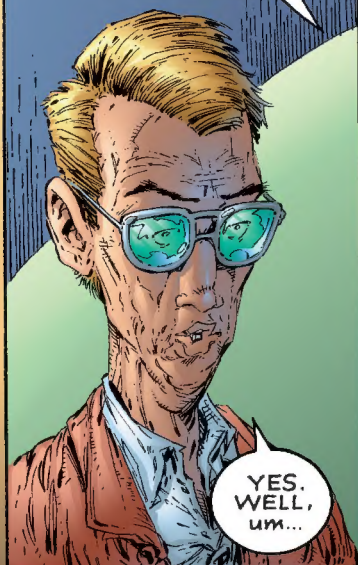






AS THE FEMALES DIS-
APPEAR DOWN THE HALL,
AN UNEASY SILENCE
SETTLES OVER THE
LIVING ROOM.

THEN... WE REALLY
APPRECIATE YOU
AND JULIE
HAVING US OVER
FOR DINNER
TONIGHT,
MITCH.



YES.
WELL,
um...

WITH
ALL THE
TENSE TIMES
WE'VE HAD LATELY,
I KNOW WANDA
REALLY NEEDED
THIS.

TERRY,
LISTEN.
THERE'S
SOMETHING
YOU SHOULD
KNOW.



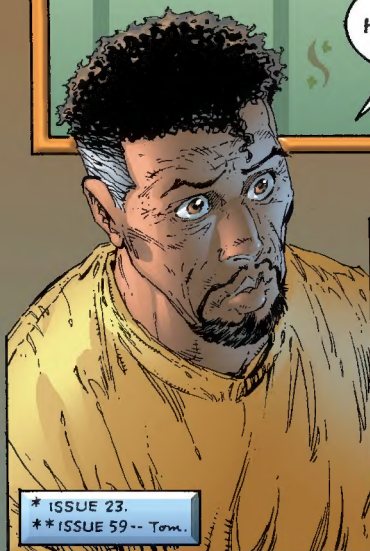
THE
NEIGHBORS ARE
GETTING TOGETHER,
TRYING TO GET A
PETITION IN PLACE
THAT ESSENTIALLY ASKS
FOR YOUR FAMILY TO
BE **REMOVED**
FROM THE
AREA.

WHAT?!



THEY THINK
YOUR LIVING HERE
IS PUTTING THEM ALL IN
DANGER. YOUR **SHOOTOUT**.
CYAN'S **KIDNAPPING**** AND
CONSIDERING THE PEOPLE
YOU **WORK** FOR, EVERY-
ONE'S WORRIED THAT
THESE KINDS OF THINGS
WILL JUST CONTINUE
TO HAPPEN.

SO
HOW BAD
IS IT?



PRETTY BAD.
MIKE KEENAN HAS
EVEN RETAINED A
LAWYER. JULIE AND
I ARE BEING SHUNNED
TOO, BECAUSE WE'RE
NOT JOINING IN.


THE GROUND-
SWELL IS
GROWING. EVERY-
ONE'S SAYING
THEY ONLY WANT
TO PROTECT
THEIR KIDS.



JESUS.

* ISSUE 23.

** ISSUE 59 -- TOM.



1:27 A.M. WEATHER PATTERNS
HAVE BEEN CALM ALL DAY, SO
AS THE CLOUDS SUDDENLY
BEGIN TO SWIRL, THERE IS
NOTHING THE METEOROLOGISTS
CAN ATTRIBUTE IT TO.

GALE FORCE
WINDS AND A FIVE
DEGREE TEMPERA-
TURE DROP IN LESS
THAN A MINUTE.
WE HUMANS WILL
PERCEIVE NOTHING
ELSE RELATING TO
WHAT'S ABOUT
TO HAPPEN.

TO THOSE BORN IN
REALMS BEYOND
LIFE, THOUGH, WHAT
TRANSPIRES NEXT
IS IMPOSSIBLE TO
IGNORE--

-- AND POTENTIALLY
CATASTROPHIC.

HER NAME IS ANGELA. SHE'D
BEEN IN THE PROCESS OF
LEARNING MORE ABOUT HER
HEAVENLY ORIGINS.*


THAT WAS BEFORE
THE LIGHT STRUCK
HER, REDUCING HER
TO COMPONENT
ATOMS. IN A HEART-
BEAT, SHE WAS
TRANSPORTED AN
UNIMAGINABLE
DISTANCE AND
ACROSS DIMENSIONS.

* CURSE OF THE
SPAWN #10 -- TOM.

EMERGING
FROM THE FLAMES
UNHARMED,
MANIFESTED ANEW
AS MYSTICAL ENERGY
DANCES SLOWLY
AROUND HER
GOLDEN BODY, THE
HUNTER INSTINC-
TIVELY READIES
HERSELF--



-- TIGHTLY CLUTCHING
HER BATTLESTAFF AS
SHE SURVEYS THE
FAMILIAR LANDSCAPE:



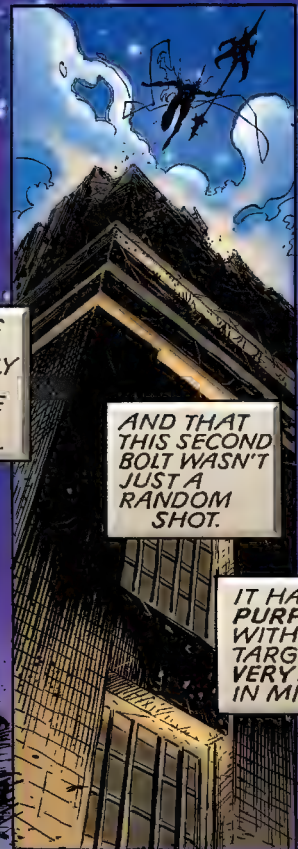
BEFORE SHE CAN
MOVE, A SECOND
STREAM OF CRACKLING
VITALITY EXPLODES
FROM THE SAME RIFT.



EARTH.



SHE SENSES
THAT HERS
ARE THE ONLY
EYES ABLE
TO PERCEIVE
WHAT IS
HAPPENING.



AND THAT
THIS SECOND
BOLT WASN'T
JUST A
RANDOM
SHOT.

IT HAD A
PURPOSE.
WITH A
TARGET
VERY MUCH
IN MIND.

A large comic book panel showing Spider-Man in a red and blue suit, crouched on a pile of rubble in a city that has been destroyed. Debris is flying through the air, and a large, jagged hole is visible in the sky. Spider-Man is looking up with a concerned expression. The scene is filled with a sense of chaos and destruction.

A HEARTBEAT
EARLIER...

AS HE FELT HIS
COSTUME
GROW TAUT,
CONSTRUCTING
HIS NECRO-
PLASMIC SKIN,
SPAWN CAME
ALERT.

HE RECOGNIZED
THE SYMBIOTIC
COSTUME'S SIGNAL
OF DANGER.

TOO
LATE.

THEN
ALL
GOES
BLACK.

FOR ONE FULL MINUTE
HE LIES MOTIONLESS,
LIKE SOME DISCARDED
RAG DOLL TOSSED ON
THE GARBAGE HEAP.

WHAT THE
HELL WAS
THAT?!



IT FEELS THE
PRESENCE OF
HEAVEN.

THAT WAS A GASP
OF SHOCK AS MUCH
AS A QUESTION. HE
DIDN'T EXPECT AN
ANSWER.

BUT NOW HIS CRIMSON
CLOAK CONVULSES,
SNAPPING WILDLY LIKE
SOME RABID BEAST HELD
BACK ON A TETHER.

GET UP,
SIMMONS.

ANGELA?!

WHAT'S
THIS
ABOUT?

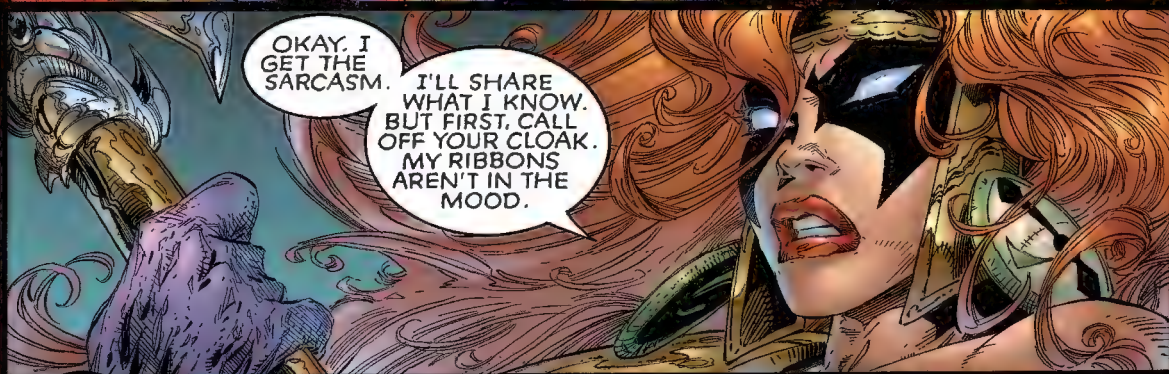
I THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU
COULD TELL ME.
I WAS HALF A
GALAXY AWAY A
FEW MINUTES
AGO. NOW I'M
HERE.

IN YOUR
TERRITORY.



SO YOU
THINK I'VE
SOMEHOW
SUMMONED YOU
HERE. THAT NOW I
CONTROL THE COSMOS,
AND I JUST HAPPENED
TO STAND IN THE WAY
OF MY OWN FIRE-
POWER. GET
REAL.

YOU'RE
THE ANGEL
HERE. I'M NOT
QUITE UP ON
ALL THIS
HEAVEN
AND HELL
B.S.



OKAY. I
GET THE
SARCASM.

I'LL SHARE
WHAT I KNOW.
BUT FIRST, CALL
OFF YOUR CLOAK.
MY RIBBONS
AREN'T IN THE
MOOD.

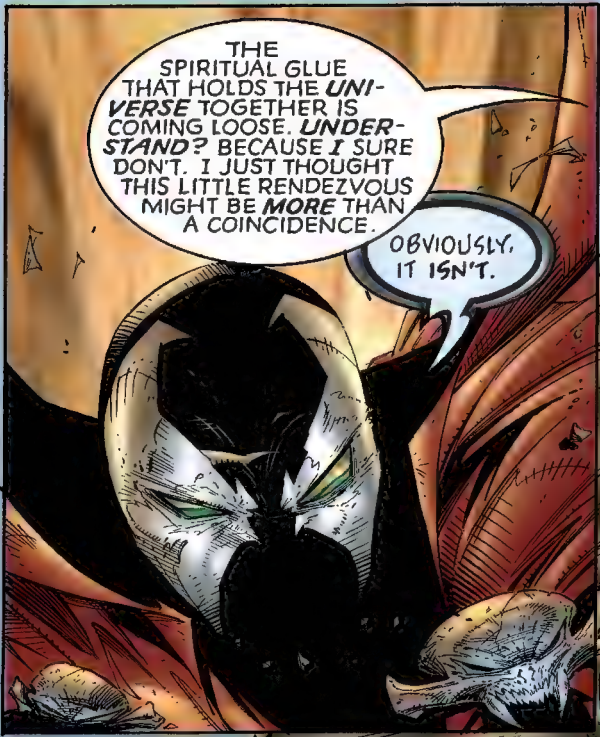


SO?

...


A **BREACH**
HAS FORMED
WITHIN THE ETERNAL
TRIUMVERATE. A
CYBERNETIC SOUL-
EATER CALLED THE
ARGUS IS THE
CATALYST, IN CON-
JUNCTION WITH
LIMBO.

LOOK.
CUT THE
BIBLICAL LINGO
AND TALK
STRAIGHT. I'VE
ALREADY GOT
A HEAD-
ACHE.



THE
SPIRITUAL GLUE
THAT HOLDS THE **UNI-
VERSE** TOGETHER IS
COMING LOOSE. **UNDER-
STAND?** BECAUSE I SURE
DON'T. I JUST THOUGHT
THIS LITTLE RENDEZVOUS
MIGHT BE **MORE** THAN
A COINCIDENCE.

OBVIOUSLY,
IT ISN'T.




DON'T BE SO
COCKY. EVERY-
THING HAPPENS
FOR A REASON.
FATE DOESN'T DEAL
IN ACCIDENTS, SO
ACT IGNORANT IF
YOU WANT, BUT
I'M NOT ABOUT
TO... ✨

CONVERSATION IS
ABRUPTLY TERMINATED AS
LIGHT BATHES THE DUO.


CHAOTICALLY,
EVERYTHING
STARTS TO
UNRAVEL.
LITERALLY.

BURNING WHITE
HOT, THE LIGHT
TAKES FORM BE-
FORE IMPLODING,
SLAMMING
SPAWN WITH ITS
SILENT FORCE...



... LEAVING
HIM ALONE
AGAIN --
WITH NO
ANSWERS.

TMP



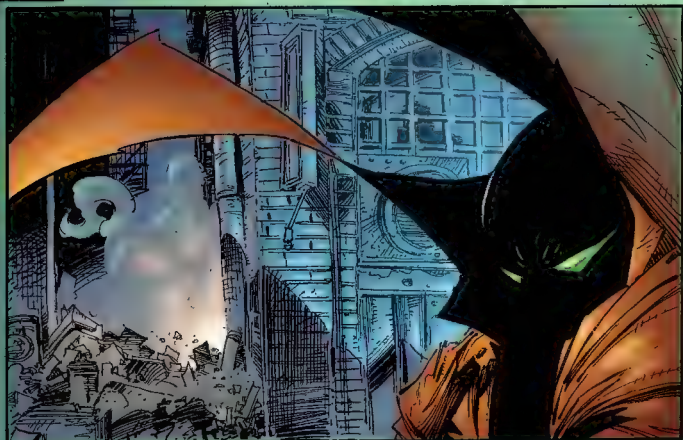
NAUSEA STAMPEDES
THROUGH HIS BODY AS HE
STAGGERS UNEASILY
INTO THE NIGHT.

THERE'S A RINGING
IN HIS EARS, AND
SPAWN IS FEELING
STRANGE.

WHEN HE WAS
ALIVE, HE
CALLED IT
"BEING DRUNK".



DON'T
GIVE US
THAT CRAP.
WE *KNOW*
YOU HOLDIN'
OUT ON US,
MAN!

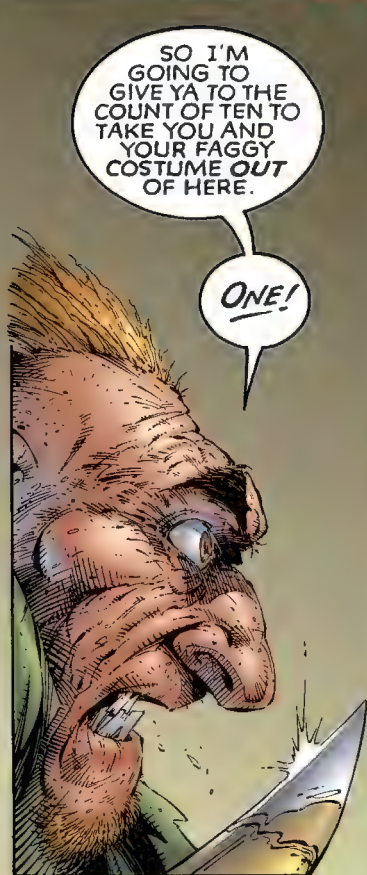


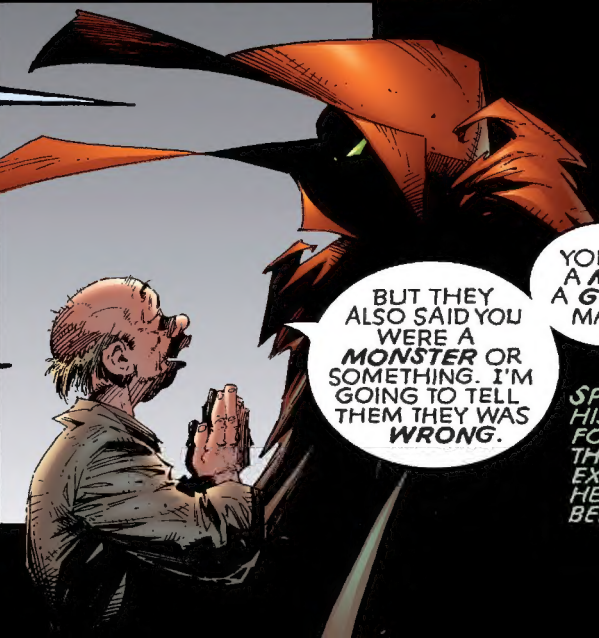
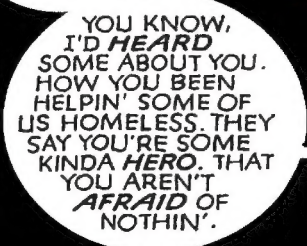
SEE,
JUST LIKE I
THOUGHT. GOD
BLESS FRIDAY AND
THEM WELFARE
CHECKS.

C'MON,
FREDDY,
LET'S GO GET
US SOME
BEER.

KINGINGINGING







SPAWN LISTENS TO HIS RAMBLINGS FOR A WHILE, THEN POLITELY EXCUSES HIMSELF. HE NEEDS TO SIT BEFORE HE COLLAPSES.

...SO AFTER HE WINS 20 GAMES FOR THEM, ST. LOUIS SHIPS HIM OFF TO THE PHILLIES.

I THINK THEY GOT RICK WISE IN RETURN.

ANYWAYS, THE VERY NEXT YEAR PHILADELPHIA COMES IN LAST PLACE. I MEAN THEY PLAYED LIKE CRAP.

BUT GET THIS, HE GOES 27 AND 10!! CAN YA FRIGGIN' BELIEVE IT!

27 WINS FOR A LAST PLACE TEAM?! IT WAS UNREAL. THAT'S WHY STEVE CARLTON WILL ALWAYS BE MY IDOL.

THAT'S INTERESTING.

HE WINS THE CY YOUNG BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE. THE WHOLE THING CHANGED MY LIFE.

THAT WAS 1972. AIN'T BEEN ANYONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE WON THAT MANY SINCE.

WELL, GUESS THE FIRE'S GOING PRETTY GOOD NOW. CARE FOR A LITTLE NIGHT-CAP?

CHRIST ALMIGHTY. YOUR FACE!

A!

IT'S
BACK!

TO BE
CONTINUED.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE